

The



TATLER

& BYSTANDER

AUGUST 7, 1957

TWO SHILLINGS



MRS VERNON STRATTON



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MRS. VERNON STRATTON

MRS. VERNON STRATTON, formerly Miss Penelope Lowles, is the daughter of Sir Geoffrey Lowles, Chairman of the Royal Yachting Association Olympic Committee in 1956 and 1952. This photograph of Mrs. Stratton sailing Toucantoo, the Swallow Class yacht she shares with her father, was taken by her husband; the Strattons live at Glaston Hill House, Eversley, Hants. Mrs. Stratton was the only woman to compete in the 1952 single-handed Olympic Trials

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From August 7 to August 14

Aug. 7 (Wed.) Cowes Week.

S.S.A.F.A. Tattoo (to 16th) at the White City.

Racing at Brighton, Yarmouth and Pontefract.
Dublin Horse Show (to 10th).

Aug. 8 (Thu.) Cowes Week.

Motor Cycle Racing: Ulster Grand Prix (and 10th), Dundrod Circuit, Co. Antrim.

Scottish National Sheep Dog Trials (two days), at Dunoon, Argyllshire.

Royal Yacht Squadron Cowes Week Ball at the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle.

Racing at Brighton, Yarmouth and Pontefract.

Aug. 9 (Fri.) Cowes Week.

Dance: Mrs. Richard Cavendish for her daughter Miss Georgiana Cavendish, at Holker.

The Canterbury Cricket Week Ball at the Depot, The Buffs, Howe Barracks, Canterbury.

Buccleuch Hunt Summer Dance.

Racing at Newmarket and Redcar.

Aug. 10 (Sat.) Cowes Week ends.

Motor Cycle Racing at Dundrod Circuit, Co. Antrim.

Dance: Mrs. J. R. Mackenzie and Mrs. George Trotter for Miss Rosemary Platt and Miss Serena Clark-Hall at Muirhouselaw, St. Boswells.

Bembridge Sailing Club Ball, Bembridge.

Racing at Newmarket, Lewes and Redcar; steeple-chasing at Buckfastleigh.

Aug. 11 (Sun.) Cricket: Old Ampleforthians v. Downside Wanderers at Hurlingham.

Aug. 12 (Mon.) Shooting: Grouse, snipe and ptarmigan season opens.

Racing at Folkestone and Nottingham.

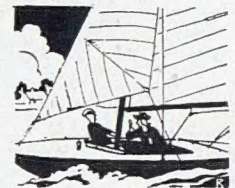
Aug. 13 (Tue.) First Night: *The Tempest*, at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Racing at Folkestone and Nottingham.

Aug. 14 (Wed.) Brighton Horse Show and South of England Jumping Championships (to 17th).

Dance: Mrs. Jack Hillyard for Miss Adrian Hamilton at Blarney Castle, Co. Cork.

Racing at Bath, Sandown Park, Haydock Park and Beverley.



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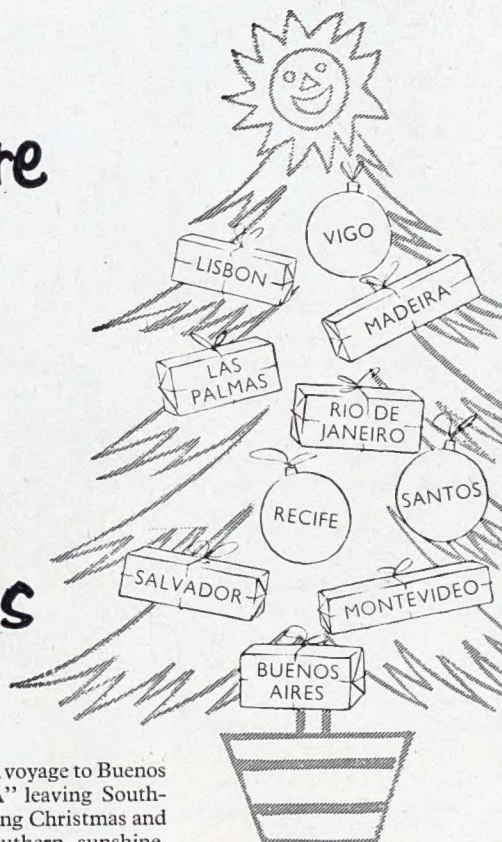
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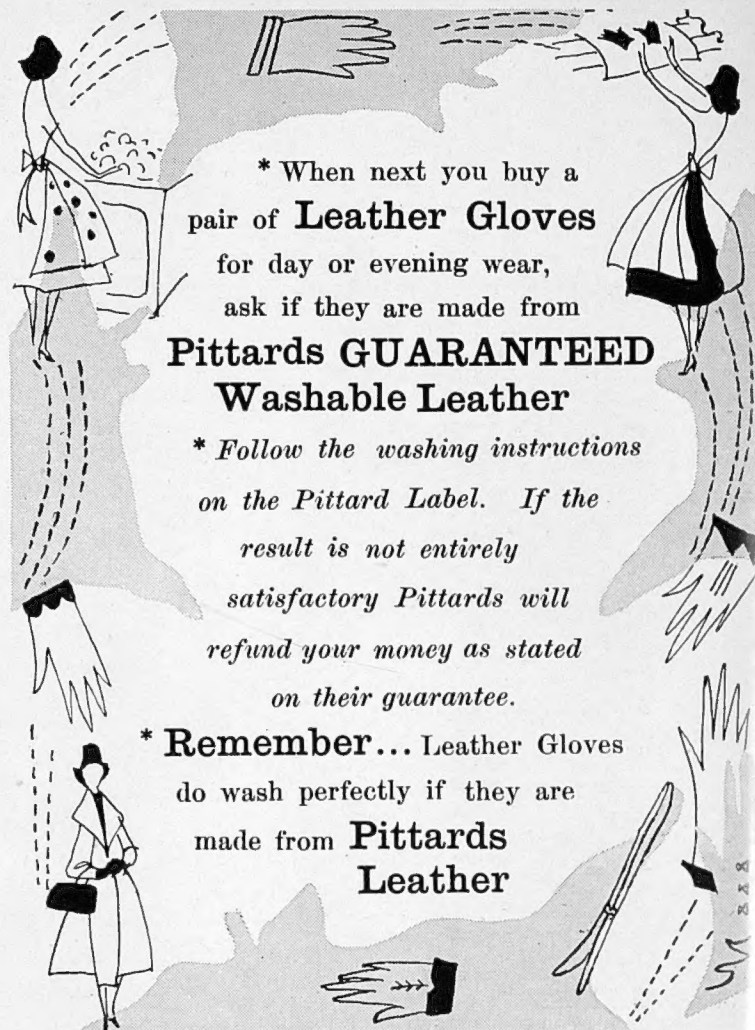
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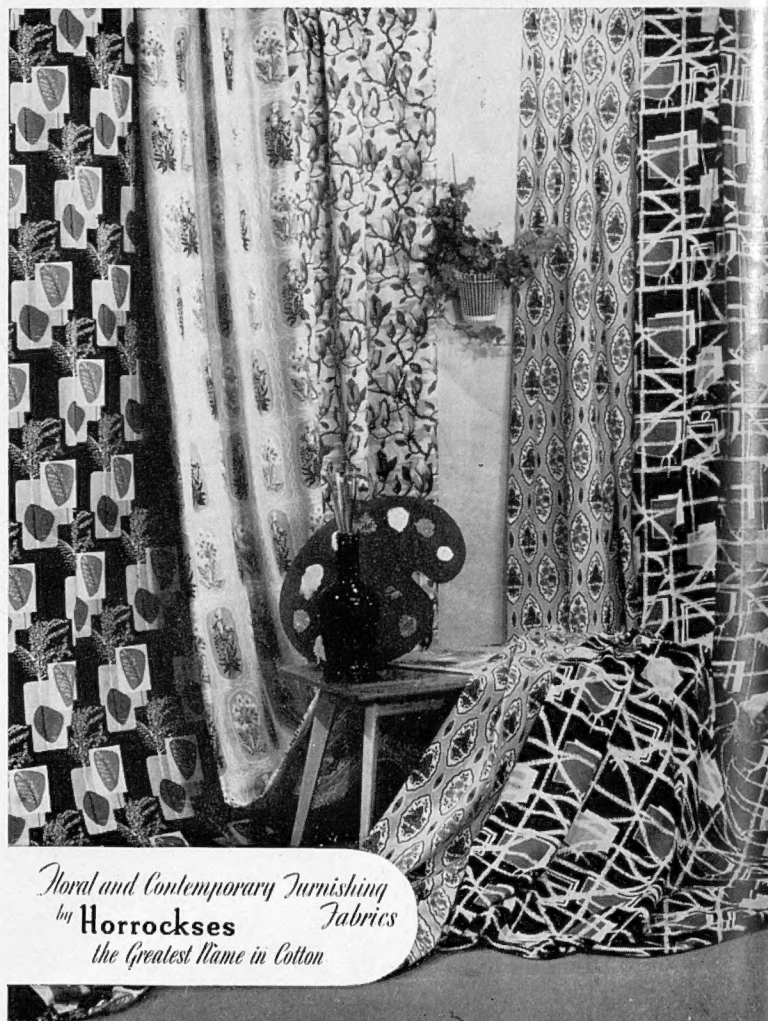
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P I T T A R D S O F Y E O V I



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To be a September bride

MISS FELICITY ROBERTS, who is the daughter of Col. and Mrs. Frederick Roberts, is seen above at her parents' lovely Chelsea home, in Cadogan Place, S.W.1. Miss Roberts has announced her engagement to Mr. Michael

Butterwick whom she will marry on September 20, with a reception afterwards at the Grocer's Hall. Mr. Butterwick is the son of Mr. Cyril Butterwick and the Hon. Mrs. Butterwick, daughter of the first Lord Dickinson



Mrs. Stanley-Hughes, Mrs. Teesdale, Mr. D. H. E. Teesdale and Mr. G. M. Stanley-Hughes outside the club

THE HURLINGHAM CLUB BALL

EIGHT HUNDRED GUESTS at the Hurlingham Club Ball watched the Band of the Royal Marines School of Music, Deal, beat the Retreat on the floodlit lawns. Bands played on two dance floors



Guests sitting in front of the



Mr. John Roskill, Miss Sally Toller, Miss Elisabeth Luard and Mr. Andrew Gale in the floodlit grounds



Mrs. F. W. Berk and Mr. Harold Stevens in the dining room



...dillit el... to watch the beating of the Retreat



Miss Joanna Morris and Mr. Peter Morris
on the terrace



Mrs. Douglas Connor and Rear Admiral
George Ross

Sir Charles and Lady Norton who had
brought a large party



Mrs. Richard Marner, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Marner and
Mr. Richard Marner

Van Hallan





Desmond Groves

THE ROPNER FAMILY

MRS. JONATHAN ROPNER is seen with her two children, Jonathan Mark, who is nearly three years old, and Margarita Carey, who was one in May. Mr. and Mrs. Ropner were married in 1933 and live at "Ashla," Patrick Brompton, near Bedale, Yorks

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTIES



Lenare

MRS. GAY KINDERSLEY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Wakefield, is seen with her son Robin who was born in October last year and christened last December; her husband is the elder son of the Hon. Philip Kindersley, of Cuckfield, Sussex

THE first of the two Royal garden parties at Buckingham Palace was blessed with a fine, but not too oppressively hot, afternoon. The Queen wearing her pale blue silk coat with narrow silver mink cuffs and a little hat to match, came out on to the lawns with Prince Philip, the Queen Mother in a white lace dress and jacket with a navy blue and white osprey hat, and Princess Margaret. With them were Prince Philip's sister Princess Sophie of Hesse, Lady Patricia Ramsay, Earl and Countess Mountbatten of Burma, the latter very chic in a printed dress and petal cap, and the Earl and Countess of Harewood. After taking their various routes across the lawn where numerous presentations were made, they assembled nearly an hour later at the Royal tea tent.

Among those who also arrived for tea here were Mr. Harold and Lady Dorothy Macmillan, Sir Winston and Lady Churchill, who received a big cheer, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Thorneycroft, Col. Sir Henry and Lady May Abel Smith, and Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, shepherding some of the senior diplomats who were later to be presented to the Royal Family; Lady Salisbury-Jones was also there. Strolling about the lawns I saw the Countess of Scarbrough, whose husband the Lord Chamberlain was escorting the Queen, Lord Wakehurst, Governor of Northern Ireland, and Lady Wakehurst talking to her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Elliot.

ALSO there were Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Walter Sale, Cdr. and Mrs. Alan Noble, the Earl and Countess of Durham talking to Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, Mrs. Joseph Mackle, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Philip Zulueta talking to Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, Mr. and Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian, Sir Alfred Bossom, Mrs. William Dupain from Sydney, Miss Judith Bennett of Montreal who had earlier been presented to the Queen, and her mother Mrs. Brydone Jack.

I saw too, Mrs. Vernon Clay accompanied by Miss Joy Ditchburn who has just returned from spending a year at the University of Toronto, and was also presented, Miss Janice Fullerton of New South Wales who was presented by Lady Harrison, Lord and Lady Tryon, Lord and Lady Mancroft, Col. and Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch, Sir Denys and the Hon. Lady Lawson, Googie Withers and her husband John McCallum, John Mills and his playwright wife Mary Hayley Bell enjoying tea at a table on the lawn, Dr. and Mrs. Roger Bannister, and Miss Angela and Miss Priscilla Money, daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Rex Money, also from New South Wales, who were presented by the Countess of Home.

The second Royal garden party six days later was also a fine afternoon. Besides the Queen, who again wore a light blue silk coat with a little floral cap to match, and Prince Philip, other members of the Royal Family included the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal and Princess Alexandra of Kent. Among guests strolling on the spacious lawns where two bands played softly, I saw

the Luxemburg Ambassador and Mme. Clasen, who went into the Royal tea tent, as did the Minister of Labour and Mrs. Macleod, Mr. Cameron Cobbold, Chairman of the Bank of England, and Lady Hermione Cobbold, Earl and Countess Attlee, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd accompanied by two visitors from the Commonwealth, the Earl and Countess of Home, and Col. and the Hon. Mrs. John Wills and their pretty débutante daughter Susan. Mr. "Ruby" Holland-Martin in his wheel chair was greeting friends on the lawn accompanied by his lovely wife, who looked most attractive in a deep pink print and pink hat.

Others I saw included Major Tufton Beamish, M.P., and his pretty American born wife, Lord and Lady Glentoran and their daughter the Hon. Clare Dixon, Lord and Lady Brabazon of Tara, Lord and Lady Dunboyne, Lord and Lady McCorquodale, and their pretty daughter the Hon. Prue McCorquodale, the Hon. Freddy and Mrs. Hennessy and their daughter Susie, Lord and Lady Cornwallis, the Hon. Mrs. Parshall talking to Lord and Lady Moran, Mr. Francis Williams, Q.C., and his wife and their daughter Anna, Earl and Countess Cadogan and their two daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Abel Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman, the latter as always very chic in a cream-coloured embroidered linen suit, Lady Mary Burghley and her youngest daughter Lady Angela Cecil, who looked pretty in pale blue, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Cross and Brig. and Mrs. Le Clerq Fowle.

I was very shocked to see quite a number of guests standing on chairs around the Royal tea enclosure to try and get a better view of the Royal Family, as they came on to the lawns. It is a pity that the members of the Royal Household who are on duty as ushers at these garden parties do not get into their allotted positions sooner, quietly to check this display of very bad manners.

★ ★ ★

PUPILS of Miss Violet Ballantine recently gave an exceptionally good dancing matinée at the Prince's Theatre, in aid of the Children's League of Pity, the junior branch of the N.S.P.C.C. The young dancers' ages ranged from one year and nine months to fifteen years and the programme was extremely well produced, Miss Ballantine arranging all the dances—which she had also taught. Mr. Bush Bailey was the stage director, and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Denison-Pender designed the very colourful costumes.

Among the youngsters I noticed were Jennifer Quayle who, dressed as a coster in the "Old Kent Road" number, danced and sang beautifully "Maybe It's Because I'm A Londoner"; her parents Anthony Quayle and Dorothy Hyson, and her grandmother Dorothy Dickson, were sitting in the stalls and must have been extremely proud. The Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken and her sister Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles were watching their children from a box; three-year-old Laura Aitken was a little coster and also appeared as a Hawaiian dancer. The Hawaiian number was enchanting as the little girls wore raffia skirts and garlands of flowers loosely round their necks. They also included Moira Lister and Vicomte d'Orthez's two-year-old daughter Chantal d'Orthez, Susannah Donn, and Sir Robert and Lady Frank's pretty little blonde daughter Maria, who is five years old. Their younger daughter Lucy Frank, who is two years old, appeared earlier in the baby class which, as always, caused great amusement.

Mrs. "Boy" Pilkington was there with her young son Nigel who appeared several times, the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lawson-Johnston was watching Primrose Lawson-Johnston, and Lady Daphne Straight was in the stalls with her daughter Camilla, and the much younger Amanda who is only five years old and appeared as a fairy. Others among the big number of children taking part were Zara Nutting, Linda Denison-Pender, Charlotte Brand, Annabel Hudson, Teresa Amery, Fabia Egerton, Charlotte Monkton and Elizabeth Cobbold.

★ ★ ★

THE Speaker and Mrs. W. S. Morrison's two afternoon At Homes in the Speaker's House at the end of each July are always very cheery affairs. The host and hostess receive their guests in one of the delightful panelled sitting-rooms overlooking the River

[Continued overleaf]



AT THE PALACE

THE QUEEN is seen among her guests (above) at the first Royal Garden Party held after a Presentation Party for overseas debutantes



Mrs McGoldrick (U.S.) at the second garden party



Miss Nancy Andrews and Miss Sheridan Macpherson from Canada



Miss Brenda Steward, a debutante from Natal

Thames, where lovely garden flowers are always arranged. The guests include members of the Diplomatic Corps, M.P.s and others associated with both Houses of Parliament, with their wives. Among this year's guests was Sir Winston Churchill, who after a cup of tea went through the whole suite of reception rooms meeting friends. Lady Dorothy Macmillan came for some time, but the Prime Minister was too occupied in the House to get away. Earl and Countess Attlee were there, also Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Morrison enjoying a cup of tea at the long buffet, Lady Megan Lloyd George, Capt. Christopher Soames, Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, Nancy Lady Astor, very vivacious in a purple ensemble, and Sir Denys Lowson who was having a long talk with the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Fisher. Members of the Diplomatic Corps included the Ambassadors of the Soviet Union (M. Malik), of Austria (Dr. Schwarzenberg), of Japan (Mr. Nishi), and the recently arrived Greek Ambassador, M. Seferiades.

* * *

THE Royal International Horse Show, at the White City, celebrating its Jubilee this year, certainly lived up to its new title of "Royal." On the second night the Queen and Prince Philip were present and on the following night the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret were there, also Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands accompanied by the Crown Princess Beatrix and Princess Benedikte. Princess Beatrix, who looked sweet in a short cream silk dress embroidered with gold, went down into the arena after one of the driving classes and presented the trophy and rosettes to Mrs. Haydon who had again driven Mrs. Ionide's Oakwell Sir James to victory that evening.

On the Thursday afternoon the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were in the Royal Box and the Princess Royal was there the following day. The Queen and Prince Philip, who were received on their arrival by the Duke of Beaufort, President of the Show, first saw some of the competitors riding in a jumping competition for the Imperial Cup, which was won by Capt. de Fombelle of France on Bucephale. Then came the hack championship for the beautiful little Moscow Cup which was won by Miss de Beaumont's grey, Juniper. The harness pony championship stakes followed; the winner was Mrs. Ionide's Oakwell Sir James, beautifully driven by Mrs. Haydon, who, as I mentioned earlier, won again the following night.

Jumping for the Queen's Cup was the highlight of the evening, and most of our top women riders competed. The winner, who received the cup from the Queen, was Miss Anderson on Sunsalve, which incidentally, she bred herself, and I was told had done most of his schooling. Miss Pat Smythe, who has never won this trophy, much coveted by women riders, was second on Prince Hal: they were the winners of the "Daily Mail" Cup later in the week.

On the following evening I was there to see the final of the jumping for the famous King George V Gold Cup. This resulted in a victory for one of the Italian Olympic and International show jumping brothers, Capt. Piero D'Inzeo on Uruguay, after a jump-off when they were the only horse and rider to do a second clear round. Three of the British riders, Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn on Aherlow, Mr. "Wilf" White on Nizefella, and Mr. Ted Williams on Pegasus tied for second place with Monsieur G. Poffe of Belgium on Hicamboy, and Capt. R. d'Inzeo, brother of the winner, on The Quiet Man.

Before the King George V Gold Cup competition, we saw the Duke of Beaufort, and two of his whippers-in, put up a splendid show with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds in the arena.

WHAT a brilliant horse show this has now become, and what a magnificent setting, especially at the evening performances when the lighting is so outstandingly well done! Much of the credit for this should go to Mr. T. W. Dawes, assistant to the Director of the Stadium, who is one of the greatest exponents of décor lighting in the country. I can well remember the International Horse Show at Olympia before the war (I rode there myself several times), and this year's amusing exhibition of jumping in the days of that great showman, Lord Lonsdale, must have brought back nostalgic memories to many present. There was a very big attendance during the whole week. A new feature was the Junior International jumping championship, for which there were entries from eight countries; this was won by Fräulein R. Freitag (Germany). England won the Team event.

Among horse-showing personalities I saw were Viscount Knutsford, President of the British Horse Society, Lt.-Col. Mike Ansell—the latter as show manager, is so largely responsible for the success of the show—also Col. "Pudding" Williams, the chairman of the show committee, and his son Mr. Dorian Williams, Master of the Whaddon Chase hounds, who does so much of the commentating over the loud-speaker quite brilliantly. Others were Sir Nigel and Lady Colman—he is a very staunch supporter of the driving classes, and has exhibited successfully for many years, and Viscount Cowdray, one of the Vice-Presidents, who was there with Viscountess Cowdray.

Watching the jumping for the King George V Gold Cup, from one of the dinner tables in the comfortable club restaurant, I saw Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn's elder brother Sir Rhys Llewellyn with a party of

friends, including the Earl and Countess of Rocksavage and Lord and Lady Roderic Pratt. Air Chief Marshal Sir Dermot Boyle, Chief of the Air Staff, and Lady Boyle were at a table with Mr. "Laddie" Lucas, M.P., managing director of the Greyhound Racing Association, and nearby were Cdr. and the Hon. Mrs. Bill Eykyn who had a big party, Major W. H. Mackenzie who had a party, Mrs. Rex Benson, and Mr. and Mrs. Derek Butler Adams.

I also saw the Hon. Lionel Berry, Major and Mrs. Lawrence Rook, Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson, and Major and Mrs. Peter Wiggin.

* * *

THE last London dance I went to before everyone left for the country, seaside or abroad, was a delightful one given by the Earl of Inchcape for his very sweet and attractive niece, Miss Bridget Hibbert. This took place at his charming Nash house in Hanover Terrace, where a ballroom in a marquee had been cleverly built on to the drawing-room. This had been done, as at Lady Robinson's dance and many others during the season, by Benjamin Edgington (and not Etherington as I mentioned recently). The long side of the marquee was open and guests were able to stroll out on to the lawns. Lovely flowers had been arranged here and in all the rooms of the house. One of the ground floor rooms had been transformed for dancing too, and here the lighting was very soft, reminiscent of a night club.

Lord Inchcape was a wonderful host, always circulating to see that all his guests were enjoying themselves. A number of friends and relations gave dinner parties for the dance, among them Lady Rosemary French, Lady Janet Bailey, Lady Anderson, the Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, Princess Croy, Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Sheffield, Col. and Mrs. Jack Hirsch, Lady Tryon, Mrs. Colin Buist who also gave a young people's cocktail party for Bridget earlier in the season, and Lady Rumbold whom I met at the dance sitting talking to Bridget's mother, Lady Patricia Fairweather.

Bridget looked pretty in a long dress of pink satin with a big bow at the back, and among her young friends I saw dancing were Miss Fiona Sheffield, Miss Elisabeth Grimston, Miss Cecilia Weikersheim, Miss Charlotte Croy, Miss Jacqueline Ansley, Miss Joanna Hirsch, Miss Clarissa Caccia, looking sweet in pink, and a great number of young men.

* * *

FOR several years Lady Dalrymple-Champneys has given a series of ladies' lunches during the summer at their charming house in Bryanston Square. At the last of these luncheon parties before she and Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys went away for their summer holidays, her guest of honour was her friend and neighbour Mme. Daeniker, wife of the Swiss Ambassador. Among her other guests were the Princess of Khampan, the Dowager Lady Howard de Walden, Lady Georgiana Curzon, Mme. Cools from the Belgian Embassy, Lady Godber, and Mrs. Weisweiler, who with her daughter Mrs. Michael Woods gave a delightful cocktail party at Claridge's in the last weeks of the season. Also present were the Marchioness of Downshire, the Danish Countess Brockenhuus-Schack, Pamela Lady Glenconner, and Kathleen Duchess of Rutland, who all enjoyed a delicious luncheon and plenty of gay repartee.



Lady Caroline Giffard and Mr. Michael MacLeod

Mr. Robert Buxton with Miss Margaret Ann Gordon

WEARING a white lace wedding dress with an embroidered tulle veil held in place by a flat white satin bow, Miss Alicia Cooke, only daughter of Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Ronald B. B. Cooke, made a very pretty bride when she married Mr. Raymond Salter, son of the late Mr. Harold Salter and Mrs. Salter, at the Chapel of the Sacred Heart, Hook. Her retinue of grown-up bridesmaids were her cousins, Miss Judith Cooke and Miss Claudia Petre, the twins Miss Molly and Miss Cynthia Makins, and Miss Santa Raymond. With them were two child bridesmaids and two pages, Susannah Don, Deborah Hoare, Robin Kossatz and Gerard Downes. The colour scheme for their dresses and suits was a soft shade of apricot.

After the ceremony, Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Cooke, the latter looking charming in a large brimmed dark blue tulle hat with a blue and white silk dress, held a reception at their home, Poland House, Odiham, where they received the guests with the bridegroom's mother, who wore a black and white silk suit and black velvet hat. The bride's American grandmother, Mrs. Chichester, was greeting many friends, as were her uncle and aunt, Capt. and Mrs. Bobby Petre, her uncle Col. Desmond Cooke, and her cousin Mr. Julius Polk who had come over from America for the wedding.

Her three brothers, Mr. Christopher Cooke, and the twins Nicholas and Anthony, were very attentively looking after guests, and I saw her young cousins, Mr. Charlie Petre and his brother Robert. The bridegroom's aunt, Miss Iris Salter, was present, also his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoare and Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Hoare. A great friend of the bridegroom's family, Mrs. Dwight Whitney (Adrienne Allen), was another guest. She and the bridegroom's mother have collaborated in producing a wonderful cookery book called *Delightful Food* with designs by Oliver Messel and a foreword by Noël Coward. This is being published in October and is something to remember for one's Christmas present list.

Among others who had come to wish the bride and bridegroom good luck were the Marquess of Ormonde who, like the bride's father, is a former commanding officer of the 17-21st Lancers, and the Marchioness of Ormonde, Lt.-Gen. Sir Bertie Fisher, Lord and Lady Barnby, who had motored over from their home at Hindhead, the latter looking very chic wearing a very attractive printed silk suit and a large shocking pink velvet hat to match, and Sir Roger and Lady Makins. I also saw Lord and Lady Dorchester and Lady Radcliffe who were on the way to see the big number of beautiful presents, Lady Napier and her sons, Col. and Mrs. Vincent Dunkerly, Col. and Mrs. Basil Woodd, and the Hon. Julian and Mrs. Berry talking to Mrs. Robin McAlpine. Also at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Pinckney, Sir Edmund and the Hon. Lady Stockdale, Mrs. Rollo Hoare, Mrs. Vernon Tate and her son-in-law and daughter Mr. and Mrs. Michael Belmont, who had a most interesting trip to Canada earlier this summer, and that fine helmsman Mr. Jack Raymond whose wife looked very chic in navy blue.

There was also a large number of young guests, among them Mr. David d'Ambrumenil, who was best man and proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom with a very amusing but brief speech, Mr. Nicholas Ackroyd, Mr. Tom Craig, Miss Tessa Milne, Miss Sally Probart Jones, Mr. David Bailey, Miss Alison Glover and Mr. and Mrs. Robin Stormouth-Darling.



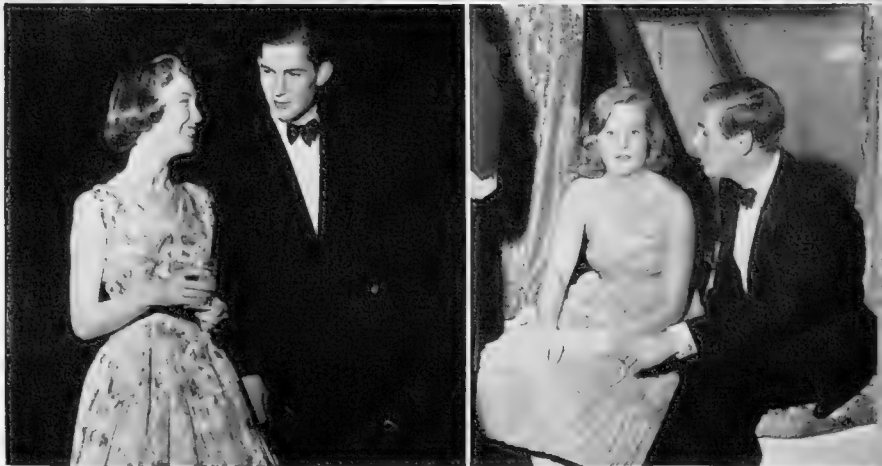
A. V. Swaabe

REGENT'S PARK DANCE

THE EARL OF INCHCAPE recently gave a dance for his niece, Miss Bridget Hibbert, at his London house in Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park. Above: Lord Inchcape with his niece and her mother, Lady Patricia Fairweather, seen awaiting their guests

Sir Peter Thellusson and Miss Caroline Lindsay-Fynn

Lady Frances Curzon and Mr. Ronald Parry



Miss Joanna Hirsch and Mr. Napoleon Barran

Miss Merle Ropner and Mr. John Impey



Miss Felicity Leach and Mr. Jeremy Veasey

Miss Jacqueline Ansley and Mr. Charles McArthur Hardy



HOW TO BECOME LETTER-PERFECT



"I'll write him (or her or them) one *hell* of a letter!" people cry furiously and sometimes they actually do. More often than not, after a series of false starts, they wail: "I don't know what to *put*" and ask someone else to do it for them. I myself can write quite efficient hells of letters, providing they deal with human emotions and have nothing to do with statistics or the law: my greatest triumph was one which piqued a modern Mr. Darcy into proposing and gave my client the much-coveted chance of refusal!

Lack of fluency with the pen is nothing new. In the past, remote and recent, born letter-writers have cashed in on it, producing little books of "models" which you were supposed to alter according to your circumstances. These must have been very helpful when you had to do businesslike things like asking the Duchess to open a bazaar or objecting to being overcharged for your groceries, but when it came to the great occasions of life, they fell down heavily. *How Shall I Word It?* published in 1907, contains a specimen "Proposal Of Marriage" and how many love-racked but inarticulate young men must have turned eagerly to it, only to find this scarcely adaptable example:

Port Elizabeth.

My Dear Dorothy,

Do you realize that it is two years ago today since we first met? . . . ("But it's not two years, nothing like it! What kind of a jackass would I be to let a girl like Dorothy—no, Amabel, I must remember not to copy that—hang around for two years? Why, she'd be snapped up. . . . And I've never been to Port Elizabeth, either. I suppose I'd just better head it 'Clacton' . . .") *For my part, it has been two years of waiting and hoping. Can you guess, dear, what I am going to say?* ("Well that's a bit fatuous to write to a girl like Dor—Amabel, with her intelligence. I'd better cut it out. But, Oh Lord, look what's next . . .!") *Do you remember, dear, when we first met? You were punting the Nevilles up the river and you lost your punt-pole and I my heart at the same instant.* ("But Amabel never goes in any kind of a boat, she says it makes her feel sick. . . .") *I am so excited, I hardly know what I am writing.* ("That's about the only thing that hits the nail on the head!")

PLAINLY a telegram would be much better unless the young lover cared to use the "Letter From A Young Workman To His Sweetheart." This is brief and to the point. Charlie informs Eliza that "come Michaelmas" he will have a new job bringing in thirty shillings a week and "unless I do something wrong to make them take it from me," he sees no reason why they should not put up the banns. Excellent and no middle-class nonsense about punt-poles, but surely a little drab? What chance would poor Charlie have these days with all the glamour-boys of Hollywood ranged against him and Eliza spending nearly all of thirty shillings a week to see and hear them?

An earlier volume, dated 1801, has the same faults: it contains a "Letter Of Sympathy From A Boy To His Ailing Friend": the invalid, in his reply, remarks disconcertingly that he feels his illness to be a visitation of Heaven for robbing Farmer Giles's orchard. With no orchard incident, the letter would be very meagre and one can hear the feeble cry of "What shall I *put*?" and would like to suggest that brevity and briskness always score, e.g. "I must stop now, I think I am going to be sick again. . . ."

But doubtless due to the eventful and rumbustious period in which it was compiled, this book caters for more serious contingencies than its successors. There is, for instance, a "Letter From A Young Lady To Her Seducer" consisting of such lament as might make the seducer either sneer or call for another bottle of wine, in irritable impatience. . . . "*Heed the tears of one who asks only to be united to you in connubial felicity. . . .*" Somehow, I don't think the women's papers would consider this sound psychology. And the letter ends with a sop to morality. . . . "*Harry, Harry, had it not been for the fatal draught of opium you procured at the apothecary's, I should not now be in this sad condition. . . .*" ("But there w-w-wasn't any opium—boo-hoo, I don't know what to put. . . .")

I long to cry: "Lay that quill-pen down, dear—Father, with a horse-whip, will get much better results!"

—Lorna Wood



Mrs. Christopher Boggon with her daughter Nicola



Philip Naylor-Leyland and Charles Armitage

*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
AUGUST 7,
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YOUNG BATHERS AT FRINTON

NOW that the holiday season has begun, parents all over the British Isles are taking their children to the sea, often to such English resorts as Frinton, where sands are such a perennial delight

Fiona, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Neathercoat



Alison, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Buck



Greta, Dulcie and Rebecca Taylor who live near Newmarket

A. V. Sw



Diana Homfray digging with Johnny Arkwright



Christopher and Jeremy Strutt with Carolyn Oldfield



Jane, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. P. F. Arkwright, of Warwick

ANNE BOLT has just visited the lesser known coast of the Costa Blanca where she took these beautiful photographs

SPAIN'S MOST INCANDESCENT COAST



Benidorm, a small town perched on a headland

SPAIN has become so popular these last few years that half one's friends seem to have sampled the Costa Brava, and the more adventurous fly to Gibraltar and bronze on the Costa del Sol. This summer both British European Airways and Iberia Airlines have just started direct air services to Valencia. So a new stretch of Spanish sun and sand is now only three and a half flying hours from London Airport.

Spaniards have long enjoyed the dazzling stretches of white sand they call the Costa Blanca—the White Coast—but rather tedious changes of aircraft, or the alternative train and bus connections, have so far discouraged British visitors.

Technically speaking, the Costa Blanca covers the area from Castellón de la Plana to Alicante, but there are virtually no hotels in the northern stretch. Driving along the main road for miles you can glimpse beaches and sea through the olive groves, with hardly a cart track down to the Mediterranean. So for practical purposes the Costa Blanca is the delightful stretch of coast from Valencia to Alicante.

Valencia is the third largest town in Spain and you can sit in side-walk cafés watching a bustle of people till after midnight. It is difficult to get dinner before the metropolitan hour of 9 p.m. and if you really want to see and be seen you will not sit down in any restaurant or hotel till nearer 10 p.m.

Under the main plaza of the city is an underground flower market, and all day large flower offerings are borne across the square by devoted daughters and sweethearts. Little girls in first Communion robes come to fetch tiny white bouquets and hurry past you up to the great cathedral.

The exterior of Valencia's cathedral is a disappointing jumble of styles, hemmed in by buildings, but the interior is exceptionally beautiful. The high altar has a reredos with shutters decorated with twelve paintings by F. Yáñez and F. de Llanos; the San Francisco chapel has two Goyas and at High Mass the prelates officiate beneath a fine golden domed canopy. This thirteenth century cathedral follows the pattern of Spanish history; it is built on the site of a mosque, which had been built on the site of a Roman Temple to Diana.

VALENCIA is no quieter than most Spanish towns. Since no one goes to bed till 2 a.m. there is a happy hubbub in the streets and lift doors slam. Trams clank; brakes squeal; in the early hours the dustcart is preceded by a little man lustily blowing a trumpet. When I drove through Spain this summer, I was delighted to see outside every town a newly painted sign. It represented a large hunting horn, and in bold capitals underneath was "No Klaxonar"—but, alas, people do blow their klaxons, especially at dawn, when presumably they do not wish to surprise the few other vehicles who imagine they are in sole possession of the streets.

If you hate noise as much as I do, try the outskirts of Valencia. The Playa Levante is the beach of the local people and while not ideal for holiday idling, it is a perfect base for a few days of city life. In a quiet square giving straight on to the Playa (beach) there are several restaurants where Spaniards themselves go to enjoy the famous Valencia Paellas. There are also one or two hotels, and the Marcelina has been rebuilt and now every bedroom boasts a private bathroom.

South of Valencia you drive through the *huerta*, miles of irrigated market gardens. The land is completely flat, but has a charm devotees of Essex will understand. The beautiful lake of Albufera has a backdrop of distant mountains, and it is dotted with a few tiny sailing boats—a charming scene in the shimmering Spanish light. On a sandy beach nearby is the Recati, only two seasons old, one of the most modern hotels on the Costa Blanca. It is not vast, but every room has a shower or bathroom, and it has that rare delight, a pretty receptionist who speaks perfect English but has the tact to permit you to practise your own halting Spanish.

Continuing south along the Costa Brava, the road runs through miles of orange groves. They are always beautiful with their thick, dark green leaves, and the bright fruit ripens on the boughs for almost six months of



Sagunto, which is a day's drive from Valencia, has these remains of a Roman theatre

year. Towns are industrial and even Denia has not much to offer a holidaymaker, though the stretch of coast from Denia to Javea and Calpe is said to be good for spear-fishing.

Like so many enchanting Mediterranean resorts, Javea and Calpe are each divided into two separate parts. A mile or so inland is the town proper perched on a small eminence, the better to keep a watchful eye on the sea.

Down by the shore near the tiny fishing harbours are some charming villas and two or three hotels. Javea is a pleasant, modest little place with a sandy beach to the south. The Hotel Ventura is old fashioned, but has a pleasant atmosphere, and a small hotel by the harbour has possibilities if you want a really cheap holiday.

The drive from Javea to Calpe is spectacular. The hills are all terraced, and olives, almonds and vines seem to flourish in every tiny corner.

Benidorm is probably the best known resort on the Costa Blanca, and in August even the beautiful large sweep of sand facing south will become somewhat crowded. But hotel accommodation is varied and excellent, and a certain amount of night-life exists. There is an open-air cinema, several of the hotels have added new wings and open-air ballrooms, and two completely new and elegant places to stay have opened this season. A large block of thirty flats is opening this July, and by next year there will be a hundred of these small modern flats available, with all-electric kitchens and two bedrooms. The flats overlook the beach and are flanked by the open-air cinema. However, if one can follow the Spanish pattern and leave the cinema at 1.30 a.m., one will not be kept awake!

In Alicante the hotel situation is not too good, though the new Carlton, which should be open this month, will provide something in the luxury class. But even that will suffer the general din of the streets. The solution, as in Valencia, is to stay out of town. The Playa de San Juan is only eleven kilometres away, and served by frequent little trains of an endearing Emmet brand. There are several excellent hotels, but as the tram-train runs between the hotel gardens and the sea, back rooms are more in demand by the peace-loving British.



One of the spacious beaches in the Costa Blanca's Benidorm



AN EXCITING MOMENT in a women's cricket match came when Miss H. Sanders, who had scored fifty runs, was stumped by wicket-keeper Miss R. Westbrook. This occurred during a trial match at the Oval when members of the women's team which will tour Australia and New Zealand this winter were "on show"

Roundabout

Robert Morley

REVELATIONS AT A DANCE MATINEE

As I always force my children to attend my plays it seems only reasonable that they should insist on my watching them when they decide to act in school plays or take part in dancing displays. In any case I usually enjoy their efforts a good deal more than my own, and so I think do they. Bidden the other afternoon to watch my daughter take the part of a French café proprietor and haymaker in her annual dance matinée I arrived early and sat down next to Madam Vacani herself.

I didn't know it was Madam Vacani although I should have done by the way she sat her chair in the rather crowded gymnasium. As I slouched in my seat reading my programme, Madam Vacani made what was to prove her only criticism of the proceedings. "One of the parents do you suppose?" she inquired briskly, as a woman crossed the floor. "I imagine so," I replied and then noting Madam's expression was prompted to ask what was the matter with her?

MADAM VACANI looked at me pityingly: "Swings her arms a bit don't you think?" I told her I hadn't noticed. "In any case does it matter?" I went on at the same time straightening up a bit myself. "I think it matters a great deal," she told me.

Later on during the afternoon when I was getting to know Madam Vacani a good deal better and enjoy her even more than the children hopping around us, I asked her why the young ones looked so solemn. Surely they ought to smile a bit more.

"They are concentrating," she informed me loyally, "the smiles if any will no doubt come later and if they don't get the steps right there won't be anything for their partners to smile at."

WHEN the proceedings were over and Madam had made exactly the right speech and called for three decorous cheers for the mistress, I stood near her while she talked to the parents. A man who I judged to be about my age was first in the line and after she had congratulated him on his daughter's bearing she remarked that she had taught him herself when he was a little boy. I have never seen anyone so delighted and proud as he was. "But surely you don't remember me all those years ago?" he kept asking her. "Perfectly," she told him "you wore a sailor suit and enjoyed the Post Horn Gallop so much." Finally he went away happier than any parent has a right to be who is trying to educate his children privately.

I wandered away from Miss Vacani and when I returned a few minutes later it was to find the whole touching little scene being repeated, but this time with a different and if possible prouder papa. It was only when the sailor suit was mentioned that a small cloud appeared on the horizon; it seemed he hadn't had a sailor suit and thought for an awful moment that Madam was mixing him up with someone else, but eventually he was reassured and sent away proud and happy.



VILLAGE FETE

I've had my fortune told;
It seems disaster lurks for me.
The splits and clotted cream were "off"
When I went in to tea.
I threw a hoop for cigarettes
And ringed a china boot.
Later, a skittle-ball was dropped
Smartly upon my foot.
Hobbling towards the Bottle Stall
As the sharing-out begins,
I—who gave whiskey—find I've won
A hundred aspirins.

—Margot Crosse

Afterwards I drove Madam back to London. We were stuck in a traffic block outside Maidenhead when she suddenly turned towards me and said: "I taught you to dance, you know." "Oh no you didn't," I told her firmly. "You say that to all the boys."

She was quite unabashed. "It's true," she told me.

"And I suppose," I replied, "they all wore sailor suits and enjoyed the Post Horn Gallop?" "That's true, too," she said.

"Well you didn't teach me," I told her. "You may have taught all the other middle-aged men in England but not me."

AFTER that we talked about all sorts of things and I found out a good deal about Madam Vacani: about how she started teaching children in what in those days used to be called the East End, and gradually moved farther West. About her classes which she still runs herself for the blind and the deaf and dumb . . . she gave me a prospectus and told me that tap was going out and ballet coming in, at least for the under fives; and that it only cost a guinea for a lesson on how to curtsy and if débutantes couldn't learn in one go she felt she hadn't done her job properly.

"I don't believe in people throwing it about," she told me. "It costs a lot to bring out a girl. I haven't changed my prices since I started forty years ago." Suddenly she stopped the car and got out. "This will do me," she said and I watched her walk away, a splendid, upright figure hardly swinging her arms at all.

I had driven on quite a little distance before I remembered that I once had a sailor suit and had lived in Sussex Square for a time and gone to dancing lessons next door to Harrods. I don't suppose I ever enjoyed the Post Horn Gallop but Miss Vacani probably taught me it.

It was just that I'd forgotten.

WHEN a man is fifty he is often filled with a desire to stop doing what he has done all his life and try something fresh. If only I could get away from the theatre, I tell my sponge in the mornings, but how on earth can I make a living outside in the great world of commerce?

It is then that inspiration eludes me, but only by a hair's breadth. I know what I have to do . . . invent something so simple and yet so necessary that no man will wish to be without it. I am too late, of course, everything has been thought of from the wheel to detergents, but at least one scheme still haunts me as I reach for the towel and let out the bath water . . . it is not, of course, an invention, but it is a way of life . . . what the world needs now is some international organization to sponsor a festival of hotels.

Each year handsome trophies should be awarded to the most beautiful, the most modern, the best run, the most original hotel in the world. There could be a number of categories and a committee of international judges, of which one would be myself. To travel constantly, to live in comfort, not to say luxury, to be sure of the best food and wine and view from one's bedroom window and all at someone else's expense—that would be the life for me.



BRIGGS



by Graham



THE BRIGHT LIGHTS AT GREENWICH PARK

*ANTHONY CRASK, having
watched London's first "Son et
Lumière" experiments, describes
his reactions to the spectacle*

I FOUND the *Son et Lumière* production down at Greenwich utterly fascinating. True it is that the entire spectacle, a combination of sound and lighting which is to play about the distinguished architecture of the Royal Naval College and Nautical Maritime Museum until the end of September, hardly fits into our stereotyped conception of such guided tours.

For paradoxically a guided tour is just what this entertainment is! Here though it is you, the audience, who remains still—spellbound might not be an exaggeration—while the various portions of the structure seem, so uncannily effective is the lighting, to jostle for your attention.

This group of buildings set at the base of the bowl below the Observatory in the gracious park—the crowds will be positioned within this bowl—is ideally suited to the first foreign foray of *Son et Lumière*, France's most popular spectacle. For Greenwich was once no remote suburb, but a trusted and favourite coign of royal days. In consequence its history is lively, from the audience's point of view a felicitous compound of pleasure and tragedy. The very telescoping of so much history to the manageable proportions of a script brings its own neat juxtapositions, so that what is historically inaccurate—nay, non-existent—takes on a dramatic life that quite overwhelmed me with its reality.

Like an annual military pageant the Roman legionaries, as



it were, march to the music of a Tudor band. But nothing of this anachronistic medley strikes one as outrageously incongruous.

THE building provides a thread of continuity, an underlying foundation, on which the most dazzling effects are arranged. From the rich tapestry started by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester (Sir Laurence Olivier speaks this narrating part), who set up the first royal residence here—"and I will call it Bellecourt"—through the Queen's House, designed by Inigo Jones, down the years to William and Mary and nearer, episodes have been extracted for re-enactment and emphasis.

But the real marvel is the lighting. By a series of brilliant groupings of spotlights and floods, the buildings are made to live. So it appears to the onlooker. Parts grow and even float before your unbelieving gaze, and then, their use past, disappear; windows and colonnades, where the action has now moved, spring to life, and are as abruptly wiped out under a fresh spate of Greenwich's almost incessant demolition and reconstruction. And you quite come to believe that the event is happening down there, soundlessly, before your eyes.

Elegant little soirees take place way to the left under the trees that, softly lit, have grown, full-statured, on an instant; now joustings are heard, and the sound of horses galloping stereophonically across the greensward; and Good

King Harry's bull-like voice rumbles out in extrovert silken dalliance.

More graphic events take place. Elizabeth signs Mary's death warrant. London burns; and then the Thames laps at your feet as Charles's son is whisked away to safety. Nelson's body is brought back from Trafalgar's thus dearly bought victory, and is laid to rest in state, with fitting appropriateness, down in this maritime quarter of the country's capital. You learn of the care and love lavished on the successive edifices that here were constructed at Royalty's express bequest; yet how Sir Christopher Wren had to be restrained in his plans for reconstruction by wholesale destruction.

AND so the sound-track turns, the anecdotes spilling richly out, to be sorted by the eager fingers of the lights for examination and polishing, to be twinkled brightly on or illuminated with pungent clarity: glistening, effulgent happenings shine worthily, beside those that burn with rich and sombre shamefulness on our conscience.

Then it is over. The dream of enchantment dissolves, and as you wander homeward through the glowing dusk, you wonder how much you saw and how much imagined but you, latter-day Miss Moberleys and Miss Jourdain's will be determined—and rightly—to convince your friends of the reality of your experience.

Van Hallan

Priscilla in Paris

THE STUDENTS' PRINCE

ON the fifth floor of a great building that stands in the less opulent part of the agreeable *arrondissement* of Auteuil a big party took place this week. Its purpose was to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of a famous school that boasts of 130,000 scholars although no pupils are ever seen within its walls. It was founded and is still directed by seventy-eight year old, and very active, M. Frédéric Ozil, and the teaching takes place by correspondence.

When he was a young man in the Civil Service, M. Ozil, who held a post at one of the ministries, coached several of his young relatives who were living in the provinces for various exams they wanted to pass. The result of this coaching was so satisfactory that M. Ozil and his young wife decided to start out on a greater scale and on a paying rather than a benevolent basis as hitherto. The greater scale was a very small one compared to that of the present school, but it prospered rapidly. The Ozils and their well-chosen staff of instructors soon became—like a certain greengrocer who started out as an errand boy and grew to be a famous caterer—the “Universal Providers” of knowledge everywhere.

I do not know whether any of the important personages who were present at the reception the other day were “old boys” but there were ministers, generals, famous writers, presidents-of-this-or-that, important businessmen and celebrities by the dozen.

I was wrong, but not *immensely* wrong, when I said that no scholars are seen at the school. On this occasion one was present. A small one! Eight-year-old Minou Drouet, the child prodigy. Poetess, dancer, song-writer and, when required, dress designer, Minou recently added to her laurels by appearing at one of the biggest Paris cinemas. She sang charmingly, playing her own accompaniment on the guitar. It was rather moving to see that small person alone under the silver glare of the spotlight on the vast stage of the Gaumont-Palace. At the school, Minou is simply inscribed for the ordinary curriculum of general knowledge for a child of her age. She is, to quote M. Ozil, “a very grave child who studies with great application.”

In one of the reception rooms where the party took place there is a painting by Jean-Gabriel Domergue of a very lovely young woman. It is done in J-G's most dashing, streamlined manner, but the frock the lady wears dates back at least a couple of decades. “Is it a portrait?” someone asked. “It IS a portrait,” answered M. Ozil, “. . . but it is no longer a likeness!”

THE recent increase of the cost of postage in France is still giving a headache to those of us who have no talent for mathematics. The only people who are happy about it are the youngsters who are beginning to collect stamps and see envelopes on the breakfast table bearing a most entrancing philatelic assortment in all colours of the rainbow. At the small *poste auxiliaire* that, being close to my abode, suits me well, for it is also a *café*, a *tabac* and a snack-bar, the following conversation took place only this morning: “For a letter abroad, it is thirty-five francs, is not it?” enquired a young visitor equipped with blue jeans, a camera and fully illustrated sports shirt. “*Oui, monsieur!*” “Please give me five thirty-fives.” “Thirty-fives not issued yet!” “Then, if you please: five thirties and five fives.” “We are out of fives!” The polite visitor began to look worried but he was evidently good at mental arithmetic. “Well then, ten tens and five fifteens.” “Got no more tens either, but . . .”

“Hell! NO. Gimme some telegram forms!” The visitor had clearly lost his temper. He retired to a table in the *café* to write his telegrams. “Why didn't you give him fifteens and twenties?” I asked the *demoiselle de la poste*. “It would have been too easy!” she replied.

Celui qui gagne

●After all, even when one earns money, one has to take it from someone else!



RENE CLAIR'S latest film, “Gate Of Lilacs,” is being awaited with eagerness by all connoisseurs of the work of this master. Starring in it are Dany Carrel (above) and (below) Pierre Brasseur, one of France's leading actors





Almasy

Sacha Guitry, prodigy of the French stage

SACHA GUITRY was a man for whom the world barely existed outside the theatre, and whom the world saw only in the most extravagantly theatrical of terms. Until his death two weeks ago he played an important part in the stage of his day, writing over a hundred plays, of which he acted in some, directed others and presented many at his own theatre. In them he appeared in many countries, while an even wider public has been entertained by his films. He is seen here in a postwar part, in "Balsambleu," his play produced in 1953

SWISS AIRS ON A SHOESTRING



"OH! MY PAPA!" (Garrick Theatre). A British company from Bristol scores a hit in this adaptation from the Swiss. Above, Papa in person (Paul Curran) conjures his daughter Anna (Sonia Rees) not to join the circus. Its attractions are obvious (below, centre) where Rachel Roberts is enchanting the downtrodden uncle (Peter O'Toole, left), while her husband, the ringmaster (Laurie Payne), looks round for attractive interests of his own. Drawings by Glan Williams



THE latest contribution of the Bristol Old Vic to the London theatre is a homely Swiss musical comedy which has travelled widely in Western Europe these past few years. If during its travels *Oh! My Papa!* caught the eye of any London manager, he may well have thought it all too simple for his sophisticated public. But though its wholesomeness might be likened to that of a lettuce, its prettiness to that of a clockwork toy, it is not really so simple as it seems, and Bristol is right, I think, in suggesting that the piece, now at the Garrick, has something of unusual charm to offer.

The superficial pattern is a very obvious one. The Swiss-German family gathered at the end of the last century for the sixtieth birthday of its head are Forsytes in a small way, all except Alexander who ran away as a boy and formed a magnificent circus.

Alexander returns for the birthday uninvited, bringing his wife, a queen of the ring, who has a disturbing effect on the married brothers. Alexander's pretty niece is wholly beglamoured by her dashing uncle. Anna longs to break with her family, and even with her young suitor, who is the gardener, in order to join Alexander under the Big Top. By the end she has thought better of it, and her father's birthday resumes its course as though nothing had disturbed its sequence.

BUT in between the play has come into its own, by effecting a temporary transformation of the Forsytes into clowns, performing animals, trapeze artists and muscle-men, of the despised circus. One by one, or in groups, they fall into routines which are parodies of their everyday lives. Anna's three respectable uncles are now a trio of clowns billed as *Les Trois Oncles*. Their respective wives have become a troupe of performing tigresses answering sullenly to the crack of the resplendent trainer's whip. And so each member of the family gets a solo turn.

The point of the transformation, we are made to feel, is that it arises from, and reflects, a genuine need in the people who are transformed. Gustave, the chronic invalid ("Oh, to be healthy I'd even sacrifice my life!"), turned leaping clown is especially anxious of release.

The change comes about naturally, and even though it subsides again (except in Gustave who joyously replaces Anna as a recruit in the circus), in subsiding it affirms its right to have existed, and vindicates in each one the absurd and touching dignity of his or her whole nature. For the family the travesty, the escapade, is an unforgettable experience. In the memory of it they are bound together more firmly, as they watch the departure of the professional folk for whom travesty is bread and butter and escapade the day's work.

THIS little musical is wholly unsophisticated in its refusal to let what can only be a dream insist on itself as a dream. The change from sentimental to grotesque comes about with the minimum of fussy plotting, and when it has served its purpose the life of the family resumes its way as though nothing unusual had happened, except that its artless sentimentality is stiffened with a touch of realism.

Wayward little daughter Anna gently learns from the queen of the ring that her romantic uncle is a bit of a blackguard, and the rest of the family are, all except the liberated Gustave, brought up sharp against the difference that separates the respectable from the apparently carefree circus folk. There is rather more to this clockwork toy than appears at the first quick view.

The Bristol company enter spiritedly into simplicities. Miss Rachel Roberts and Mr. Peter O'Toole are the only ones who have a chance to attempt subtleties. She makes a buoyant character of the circus queen, and manages to convey that if the lady was a little less staunch-hearted, she would be much less happy. He, both as ailing uncle and uninhibited clown, is very funny indeed and also a little pathetic. Mr. Laurie Payne is the spectacularly romantic ring master



DAME PEGGY AS IMOGEN

DAME PEGGY ASHCROFT is considered by many of our prominent theatrical authorities to be the most sensitive interpreter of Shakespeare's feminine roles, and is seen here as Imogen in Peter Hall's production of "Cymbeline" at the present Stratford festival. But she is equally at home in works by modern playwrights, and has given memorable performances in recent years in Terence Rattigan's "The Deep Blue Sea" and "The Chalk Garden," Enid Bagnold's long-runner

*Photograph by
Angus McBean*



Major G. Talbot and Miss Rosemary Gordon



Mr. Sam Marsh with Mrs. Michael Stratton

The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
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Miss Susan Cohen, Capt. and Mrs. Edward Farquhar

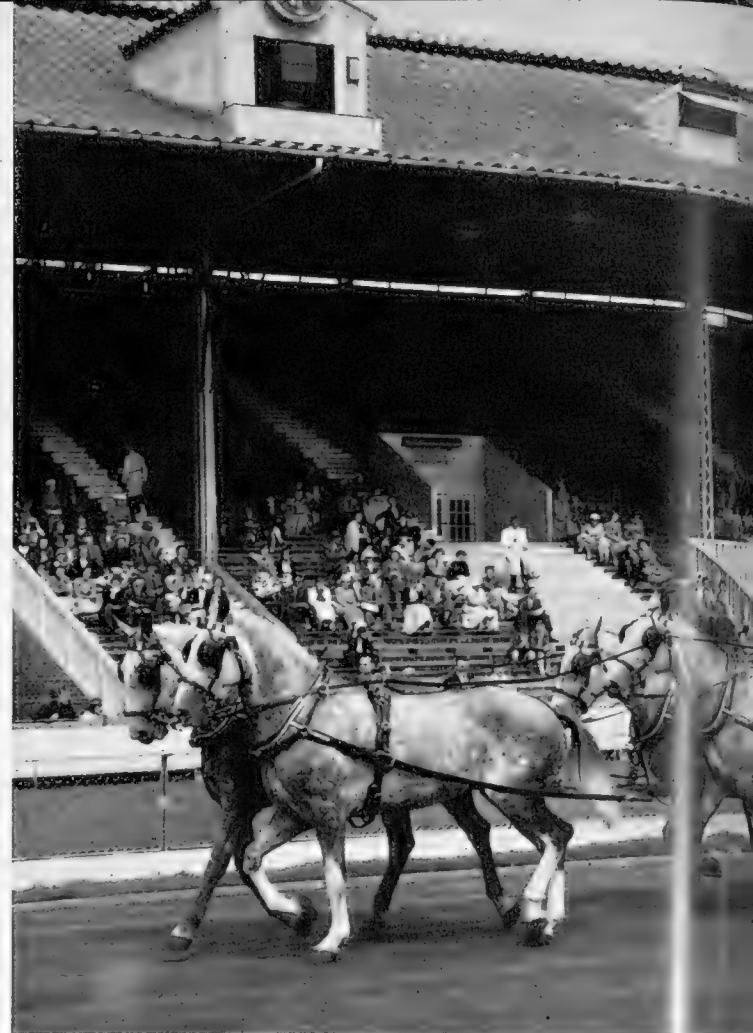
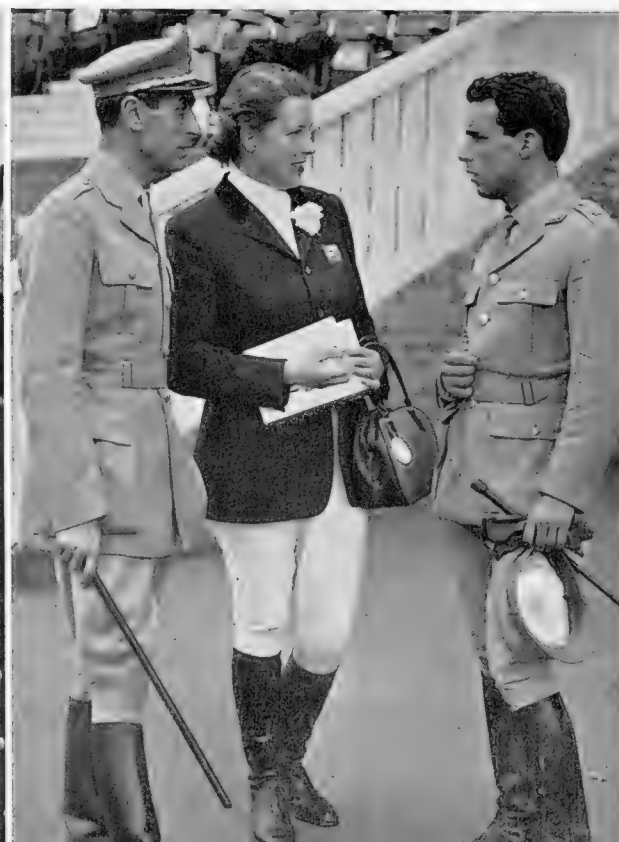


Mr. and Mrs. Dorian Williams and Mrs. J. Neill

The Duchess of Beaufort presenting rosettes for Coaching Marathon winners

Capt. A. Gutierrez, Miss Pat Smythe and Lt. G. Gutierrez

Miss Mackey on Juniper, winner of the Ladies' Hacks Class



Mr. L. C. Lamerton's "Tally-Ho" coach parading

HORSEMEN COMPETE AT THE WHITE CITY



and the ring in the Coaching Marathon

THE ROYAL INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW, which celebrates its jubilee this year, took place at the White City at the end of last month. Among the spectators was Her Majesty the Queen who came to watch the final of the ladies' jumping competition for the Queen Elizabeth II Cup

Miss Sue Whitbread and Blue Cat, competitors for the Queen's trophy



Miss M. Sohst, Germany, jumping on Lobbi during the Junior Jumping Competition

Mr. W. Wofford, United States, jumping on Hollandia in the King George V Cup qualifying round



At the Pictures

LOVE AND POLITICS IN A ROUGH ISLAND-STORY



JOAN COLLINS as a planter's daughter finds herself caught up in the toils of colour prejudice in the film *Island In The Sun*, adapted from Alec Waugh's novel

BEN GAZZARA is seen as Jocko de Paris, the evil genius and chief troublemaker of an American southern state's military academy, in *End As A Man*



ONE of the cast, Mr. Harry Belafonte, who plays a native Trade Union leader on some Caribbean island in Mr. Darryl F. Zanuck's *Island In The Sun*, is quoted as having said that this is a terrible picture. Mr. Belafonte goes too far: it is merely a tiresome picture—for while it boasts of having boldly tackled the colour problem it does no more than sniff at the subject like a terrier at a rat-hole. The conclusions it leaves one to draw are somewhat confusing.

The island has a British Governor, delightful Mr. Ronald Squire: it is all right for him to entertain the natives at garden parties and for them to mingle with the white guests. It is also, rather surprisingly, all right for the Governor's handsome aide, Mr. John Justin, to fall in love with Miss Dorothy Dandridge, a coloured girl who works in a drugstore, and even to marry her—though, of course, having done so he has to hand in his resignation and return to England.

On the other hand, it is all wrong for Miss Joan Fontaine, a rich white woman, to fall in love with Mr. Belafonte. Marriage between them, he tells her, would be impossible. It must be said that Mr. Belafonte, who is here unattractively arrogant, shows no signs of returning Miss Fontaine's affection. If he rejects the idea of a union with her, this seems to be solely because he has no intention of leaving the island where he plans to achieve a successful political career: there is no suggestion that he is making a great and painful renunciation—and the whole affair is too cold to be either affecting or interesting.

MISS JOAN COLLINS and Mr. James Mason, children of a rich planter, Mr. Basil Sydney, and his wife, Miss Diana Wynyard, are thrown into a fearful flap when a visiting American journalist (Mr. Hartley Power) reveals in a newspaper article that their paternal grandmother had coloured blood in her veins. It would be quite wrong for Miss Collins to marry Mr. Stephen Boyd, the son of a peer—in case she bore coloured babies. The prospect of a coloured gentleman occupying a seat in the House of Lords is simply too awful to be contemplated.

Miss Wynyard gallantly if grimly solves Miss Collins's problem for her: "You haven't a drop of coloured blood. My husband was not your father," she tells her. So that's all right. Apparently the peerage has nothing against illegitimacy.

Mr. Mason, who is strictly legitimate, rashly decides to cash in on his coloured ancestry and stand for election to the native legislature. He is turned down by the native population who do not regard him as one of themselves—and, indeed, he is not. In fact he is so incensed when Mr. Michael Rennie refers to his "touch of the tarbrush" that he strangles him. This leads to a deal of cat-and-mousery between the Police Chief (Mr. John Williams) and himself and, ultimately, a sentence for manslaughter.

The scenes of native life, of fishing, cane-cutting and a carnival, photographed in Technicolor by Mr. F. A. Young, are enchanting—and I was pleased to note that all the best people in those parts read The TATLER. But the human relationships are unconvincing, some of the dialogue is quite laughable, and the picture, directed at a snail's pace by Mr. Robert Rossen, seemed to me to say nothing of value at very great length.

NEATLY timed to coincide with the anti-vice campaign in Stepney, comes *The Flesh Is Weak*—an "X" Certificate film, well directed by Mr. Dan Chaffey, exposing the organized prostitution racket. Mr. John Derek, an exceedingly good-looking young man, gives an excellent performance as the youngest of the Giani Brothers, an odious trio who live on the immoral earnings of unfortunate young women whom they lure into prostitution and keep there by intimidation until they cease to bring in the money—when they are summarily discarded.



PERIL ON THE ROAD

PATRICK McGOOHAN is "Red," the brutish and relentless road foreman of a crooked haulage company, in *Hell Drivers*. Driving his own lorry like a maniac, he encourages his fellow workers to do likewise and finds a rival in an ex-convict (Stanley Baker). The film reaches a climax of intense excitement

Mr. Derek specializes in seducing attractive young girls rounded up for him by Mr. Harold Lang—a horrid, scavenging type. Signorina Milly Vitale, an Italian girl seeking work in London, is one of his victims. Signorina Vitale is almost incredibly innocent: as Miss Freda Jackson, who runs a Giani brothel, says of her—"The grass doesn't come any greener." She falls desperately in love with Mr. Derek and would do anything for him. He spins her a yarn about being faced with jail if he can't raise five thousand pounds and begs her to "be nice" to a man who might lend him the money.

"Being nice" involves rather more than the Signorina had bargained for—and before she knows where she is, she is just another of the Giani girls, hounded out on to the streets nightly to ply their trade. There seems to be no way of escape for these girls once they are in the clutches of the brothers—but Mr. William Franklyn, a novelist, creates one for Signorina Vitale. I found this modest film most illuminating: as a social document it certainly ranks far higher than the much-vaunted *Island In The Sun*.

ADMIRABLY directed by Mr. C. Raker Endfield, *Hell Drivers* is a scarifying but completely convincing film about a gang of tough lorry-drivers employed by a crooked firm of ballast hauliers. They are paid according to the number of "runs" they

make in a day, and are in charge of a brutish, crazy road foreman, Mr. Patrick McGooohan, who drives his own lorry like a demon and spurs the others on to risk their necks, too.

Mr. Stanley Baker gives a very fine performance as an ex-convict who joins the gang. A fierce rivalry develops between him and the foreman whom, against the advice of his friend Gino (beautifully played by Mr. Herbert Lom), he is determined to beat at his own rough game. The climax is wildly exciting—but what the "Keep Death Off The Roads" people will say about this film I hate to think. Personally I enjoyed it enormously—though at the end of it I felt as if I had been run over.

I WOULD not see *End As A Man*, a brilliant, appalling picture, again for any price. Its setting is an American southern state's military academy where every other cadet seems to be a case for the psychiatrist. Mr. Ben Gazzara dominates the scene as a sadistic senior cadet who forces even the decent fellows to play his beastly tricks. The story is a horrifying record of "hazing," bullying, beating-up, cheating and lying—with a hint of homosexuality thrown in to make it thoroughly nauseating. As a piece of film-making, it is dazzlingly well done—but it is no advertisement for our American cousins, no advertisement at all.

—Elspeth Grant



BRITAIN TRIUMPHS AT AINTREE

BRITISH MOTORING RACING enthusiasts had the most exciting day in memory when the Grand Prix d'Europe was run at Aintree recently. For thirty-four years Britain has failed to win a major Grand Prix, though our drivers have done so in foreign cars. At last the coup has been brought off by Stirling Moss who, after the failure of his own Vanwall, transferred to that of Tony Brooks who was suffering from his recent crash. Re-entering the race in ninth place, he passed the cars in front to win from Musso in a Ferrari; another Ferrari, driven by Mike Hawthorn, was third. Left: Stirling Moss receiving the trophy from Mrs. M. D. Topham. Above: the start of the Grand Prix



Mrs. M. Howard, A. Scott Brown who won the Sports Car Race, Mrs. J. Lister



Miss Susan Yale, Mrs. Gerard and Bob Gerard, sixth in the Grand Prix

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Miss Jane Meredith and Mr. Thomas Sopwith looking at photographs



Dr. Michael Bennett, Mike Hawthorn and Lord Selsdon



Mrs. Harry Schell and Mme. Jean Behra, whose husbands were driving



Mr. G. A. Vandervell whose Vanwall won the Grand Prix

Mr. J. E. G. Fairman who drove a B.R.M. in the Grand Prix



Jean Behra who was in the lead for much of the race



Tony Brooks driving his Vanwall to the starting grid



Book Reviews

THE UNCOMMON READER

Elizabeth Bowen

LORD DAVID CECIL'S *The Fine Art Of Reading* (Constable 18s.), is a book which opens the door to pleasure. The first and longest essay, which names the volume, is followed by ten other "literary studies"—these, though wide in range and diverse in subject, all tune in with Lord David's opening remark, that "the primary object of a student of literature is to be delighted." Each, indeed, enhances a peculiar delight—which has been evidently the author's own.

How unlike is this approach to the academic! And how reviving—for literature tends to wither under dry, purely cerebral analysis. Lord David voices his opposition to the drab and lately industrious school of critics whose aim is to anatomise and classify, and who regard enjoyment with some suspicion. We who read have—he contends—one duty: that of developing in ourselves the faculty of appreciation. Taste we should form, but not of the rigid type. He is for the full, spontaneous response—into which enters also discrimination.

Not the least wise warning contained in the first essay is against "starting to read any book with a pre-conceived idea of what it ought or ought not to be like." In fact any genuine work of art, we are reminded, is unique: there can exist therefore no hard-and-fast, ready-made set of standards by which to judge it. "There are as many different kinds of good book as there are different kinds of good writer. Each has something to give us. We should admire each in so far as he strikes us as good in his particular kind."

APPRECIATIONS are in themselves discoveries. In this spirit, *The Fine Art Of Reading* leads us among writers who are widely different, having in common goodness—and thereby fame. In most cases, Lord David has studied particular aspects of their work, rather than their production as a whole. For instance, "Shakespearean Comedy" deals with the sunlit side of that genius which also knew night and storm. Later, in "The Tragedies of John Ford," the stress is on the autumnal beauty of that dire, it would seem violent Elizabethan. In "Walter Pater," we are made aware of the conflicts within that apostle of pure aestheticism who was at the same time a cloistered and somewhat fussy Oxford don.

All the essays are alive with a sense of humanity. One cannot wonder therefore that Lord David is drawn to that most unliterary form of literature: letters. His "Some Women Letter-writers" touches on ladies who immortalized love or friendship in correspondence—Dorothy Osborne, Mrs. Carlyle, Henrietta Lady Bessborough, Miss Emily Eden, Harriet Lady Granville, and Lady Sarah Lennox. Curious it is, he remarks, that Jane Austen though a good letter-writer was not among the best. *She* had, of course, that great major outlet: her novels.

NOVEL readers will be inspired to further zest, and novelists stimulated to further effort, by Lord David's enthusiasm for fiction, and the sympathy he brings to its different authors. His "The Forms of English Fiction" is a clarifying survey of the why's, how's and wherefore's of the novelist's art, as manifest both in the classic and the modern. The perceptive study of Joseph Conrad brings into focus that noble, exciting non-English writer in English—often poet in prose. Conrad forms an interesting contrast with Walter De La Mare (subject of another essay) who, in the main poet, turned to the story. The two Jane Austen pieces—alas, brief!—are more than sidelights: they do truly illumine a woman of which all has yet to be said.

The Fine Art Of Reading, as you may gather, is worlds apart from the urbane "book about books," of which we have many. This, rather, is literature in itself—glowing, and in the good sense immensely personal.

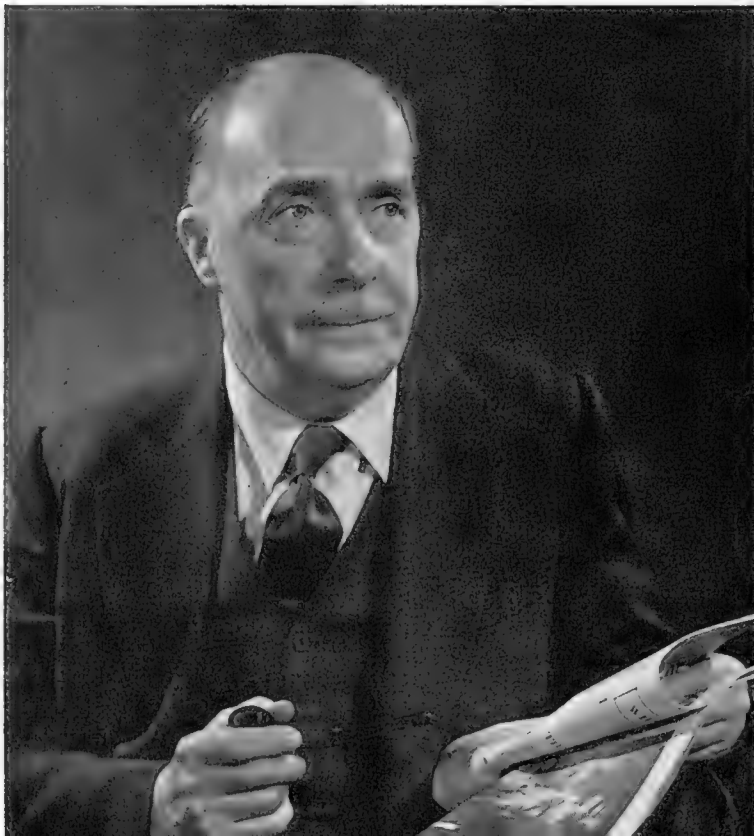


Mike Davis

ANTON DOLIN, photographed above in his home, has recently been awarded the Queen Elizabeth II Coronation Award for his contribution over the years to British ballet

L. P. HARTLEY, the novelist, who has added to an established reputation with his latest book "The Hireling" (Hamish Hamilton, 13s. 6d.), reviewed here recently

Mark Gerson





A NOVEL by Monica Baldwin, **The Called And The Chosen** (Hamish Hamilton, 15s.), has in outline the same theme as her autobiographical *I Leap Over The Wall*.

The experience of the heroine, Ursula Auberon, closely corresponds with Miss Baldwin's own—a young woman becomes a nun in an enclosed order; then, after years, finds she has lacked vocation and decides after painful conflict to return to the world. Into her novel, however, Miss Baldwin has introduced personalities, and circumstances, which are explanatory, and make for drama.

Ursula Auberon, for instance, has entered a convent under very strong pressure from a powerful aunt. The reader is kept aware—when the nun is not—of the tragedy of a dual renunciation, of her beloved home, Stokesey, and of a young man admirer. Miss Baldwin, however, has not overplayed the outside factors: the real crisis, and interest, of *The Called And The Chosen*, is in Ursula's spiritual struggle. This is an "inside" view of the religious life such as only Miss Baldwin could give us—that is, without hint of betrayal or lapse of taste.

The enforced return to Stokesey—now shorn of secular beauty, become a house of the Order—constitutes the final, searing ordeal. Yet not for nothing: thus is resolved the query hanging over Sister Ursula's fate.

★ ★ ★

WITH John Steinbeck's **The Short Reign Of Pippin IV** (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.) we have fiction of the extravaganza class. Subject, the French political scene, in an unspecified year of our present century. One—or say one more?—government having fallen, nobody feels up to forming another: under threat of chaos, all parties combine in agreeing it would be well to restore the monarchy. Whereupon strife, in support of the different candidates, breaks out in the Royalist ranks. The only solution is to look far back: in whose veins, today, runs the blood of Charlemagne? M. Pippin Hérístal fills the bill.

Never has sought-out monarch been more reluctant. M. Hérístal, an amateur astronomer, fifty-plus, asks no better than the quiet life he has led—in the Avenue de Marigny with his telescope, his model wife and his daughter Clothilde. So far, his only problems have been parental, for Clothilde is something of a prodigy: at fifteen she published a novel, *Adieu Ma Vie*, which not only had vast success abroad and at home but left her the Joan of Arc of the teenage world. Now comes *Adieu*, also, for Pippin Hérístal to domestic privacy and the lookout for comets. We behold him hustled on to the throne.

Madame Hérístal, housewife *par excellence*, is appalled by the non-amenities at Versailles, where after the coronation the Hérístals are compelled to take up residence. And worse, to restore the Palace establishment to the full force of the days of the Roi Soleil, two hundred penniless members of the noblesse move in also, and proceed to idle around. Clothilde's stunts, in the limelight enjoyed by a princess royal, rivet the world's press. For poor King Pippin, the old infernal machinery of day-and-night ceremonial creaks back to motion. Now and then he escapes, on a motor scooter.

The early chapters of *The Short Reign Of Pippin IV* are brilliant. There is a Gallic bite, even, about the wit—Anatole France himself might, almost, have written these opening pages! To finish the story fitly did, perhaps, require another Bernard Shaw—for alas, Mr. Steinbeck falls off sadly. We bog down into discussions which don't cut ice (it seems to me) and oh how the fun flags! Worst of all, enter a bright, boring young American, one Tod Johnson, heir to a Californian Egg King . . . Another small thing I quarrel with is that surely *no* Frenchman uses any expression translatable as "I guess"?



THE CAPRIOLE, from "The Spanish Riding School In Vienna" by Ann Tizia Leitch, published by Nymphenburger and distributed by Bailey Bros. and Swinfen, at 15s.

THE FIRST BALLOON to carry men rising in Paris, 1783: as re-enacted in 1951. This photograph is from "The Air" by Edgar B. Schieldigo (Hutchinson, 30s.)





Fashions by Isobel
Vicomtesse d'Orthez

STEPS TOWARD THE FUTURE

SHOES for both day and evening have seldom been more exotic or elegant than they are today. Raynes pink eclat evening shoes (above, right), slim-heeled and with a flattering bowed front, cost 10 gns. at Raynes and Delman, Bond St., Dalys, Glasgow, Marshall and Snelgrove, Birmingham. They would make a perfect partnership with Henri's short evening dress (left). Its grey brode background sparkles with gold leaves and deep pink roses, and the camisole bodice has a wide, bouffant skirt; 36 gns. at Marshall and Snelgrove, Model Gown Department. Below, right: Bally's late day shoe in soft black suede has a gilded buckle high on the vamp, 8 gns. at Russell and Bromley

Photographs by Michael Molinare



FLATTERY GOES TO YOUR FEET



1



2



3

1. BOWS are to be seen on many shoes this season. Here we see Bally's grey moda calf bowed court shoes with the new squared toe, 9½ gns. at Fanchon, Bond Street. The stockings worn with them are by Brettles.

2. "Avant garde" shoes in black calf and mushroom suede, the bow fastening high across the instep, the heels lower and spreading wide at the base. By Bally, they cost 7 gns. at Russell and Bromley, and the "Sheer Cloud" stockings are by Charnos, they are priced at 14s. 11d.

3. A beautifully made slender shoe in black calf with a long tapering toe and high vamp, a perfect foil to the dress opposite. By Bally, price 7 gns. at Russell and Bromley. The stockings, Bear Brand's fuchsia pink, 15 denier, 10s. 6d.

4. My Fair Lady style shoe in glove soft oatmeal sued and black patent leather. Made by Bally, it again has the new curved Louis heel; 8½ gns. at Fanchon. The stockings are Berkshire's Bamboo, tinted with a pale beige shade.

OPPOSITE: Henri's dress in black crepe miraille has soft cowl-like collar dipping to the back where the ends are caught into the full-gathered harem skirt; 31½ gns. it is obtainable at Marshall and Snelgrove Model Gown.



4





LEFT: The pointed elegance of the Edwardian era that has become so popular, is epitomized by these delightfully young and simple shoes from the Miss Rayne collection. Made in carina calf, these shoes have a low slim curved heel and are self-buckled, 5½ gns. at Raynes and Delman of Bond Street, Dalys of Glasgow. The stockings are Plaza's new Agilon yarn 20 denier, fully fashioned. They sell at 12s. 11d.

From top to toes

BELOW: New shapes and designs on the sweater theme make the jersey a smart component of a town or country outfit. This example from Braemar's new autumn range is a hip length jacket in lochinvar green cashmere. It has a panel front widening into a turn-back collar. Price £10 16s. 9d. approximately, at leading stores soon



ABOVE: This casual sweater by Braemar in white lambswool has a vee-neck and rounded collar edged in charcoal. Price approx. 73s. 6d.



ABOVE: Stout brogues made by Church in analine calf, lacing high on the instep, 109s. 9d., at A. Jones and branches and Allans of Edinburgh

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK



John Adriaan

THE HOODED dress or jacket is the answer to many an English maiden's prayer; attractive to look at, these cowls protect hair from the ravages of wind and ears from the nip of frost in winter months. Holyrood's long-sleeved sheath in sandy brown boucle (above) has a giant cowl collar which turns up into a snug hood. It can be worn with or without its tan leather belt. £7 9s. 6d. at

THE HOODED LOOK TO FACE ALL

John Barker, Model Gown Dept., also Beales of Bournemouth. Also by Holyrood is a fine knitted cardigan in golden-yellow wool whose hood—shown up and down—buttons high under the chin, approximately 63s., D. H. Evans. It is worn with diamond patterned strollers in royal blue and laurel green jersey, price £4 19s. 6d.



WEATHER





Beautifully finished black suede bag with a fringed handle, £22 10s., and striped green silk scarf with silken tufts, £2 5s. from Finnigans, Bond St.

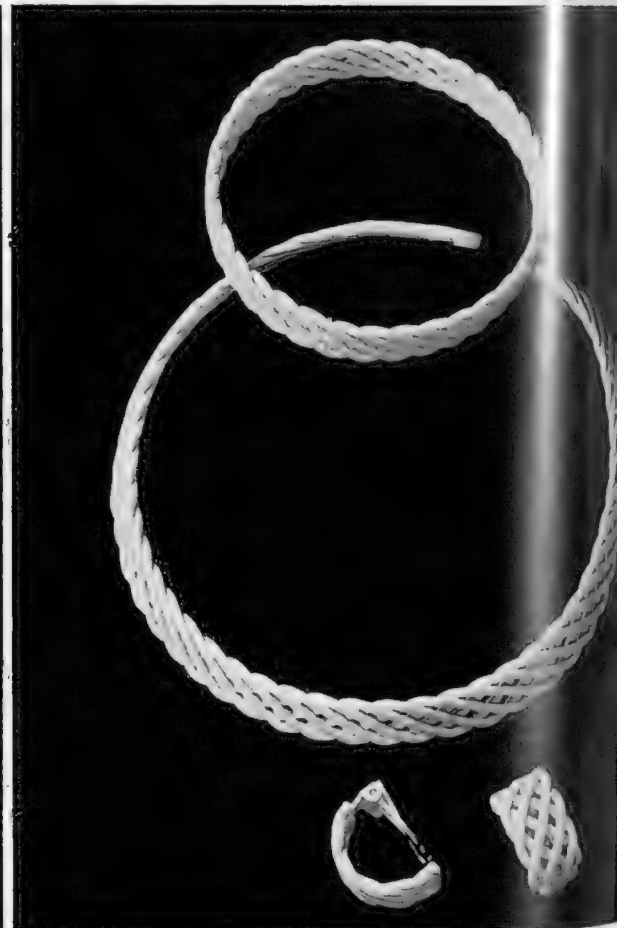


Brooch of beads, pearls and diamanté, £1 19s. 6d., matching ear-rings, £1 9s. 6d., white or pink, Marshall and Snelgrove

*Fresh ideas towards a
brighter outlook*



Cotton piqué cummerbund, £1 2s., eight-button-length broderie anglaise gloves, £1 12s. 6d., shortie broderie anglaise gloves, £1 2s. 6d., French rose, 19s. 6d., all from Dickins and Jones



Trellis work collar, £2 5s., matching bracelet, £1 10s., and ear-rings, £1 10s., at Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, W.1



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Dennis Smith

To highlight a plain black or navy blue dress, a very elegant "Princess Grace" collar, price 18s. 6d., and a French rose, 19s. 6d. Obtainable at Dickins and Jones

This French silk stole, deliciously light to wear, is tufted with fluffy "feathers" of pure wool giving a swansdown effect. Price £8 12s. 6d. at Woollands, Knightsbridge

CHOOSING accessories can be every bit as enjoyable as buying a new dress. The wide variety now available shows a richness in colour and imagination to loosen the purse-strings of the most careful buyer, as can be seen from the fresh-looking selection shown here

—JEAN CLELAND



French hand-painted pure silk scarf, washable, price £4 4s. from a selection at Harrods; the violets shown with it are 6s. 9d. a bunch

Two-way umbrella-sunshades for rain or shine, a summer priority; from left to right they cost £4 19s. 6d., £4 9s. 6d. and £5 9s. 6d., Harrods



Beauty

Hot weather make-up



Dennis Smith

Black poodles on a pink or white ground decorate this handbag set; raised enamel gives a lifelike effect. The compact costs £2 2s., the pill box £1 12s. 6d., lipstick and glass £2 2s., and scent bottle £1 12s. 6., at Debenhams and Freebody



I WENT yesterday to have lunch with a friend to find her sitting in the garden looking as cool as the ice which she shook into the cocktails. Her skin was so beautifully honey-tanned, that I felt a trickle of envy and wondered if this "honey-glow" were synthetic or real.

Not being one for beating about the bush, I asked: "What do you use?" Still occupied with the drinks she said: "Oh, just gin, martini and ice." "No, not that, I mean on your face?" The answer this time was negative in so far as it was "Nothing." "I find in the hot weather," she went on, "that make-up gets mussed up, and so I leave it alone. Fortunately I brown quickly, and directly my skin acquires a reasonable tan, I go in for what you call the natural look. When my skin feels warm and sticky during the day, I splash it with cold water—except of course when I have been out in the hot sun—and then put on nothing in the way of make-up but a dust of powder on my nose, and a bright lipstick."

"Don't you find that splashing with cold water has a drying effect on your skin?" I asked. "It would have," she said, "if I did not counteract it with plenty of rich skin food every night. I fairly slap it on and give myself several minutes firm massage to make sure that it is worked well in, then I leave some on all night." "Well," I said, "there is no doubt about it, the result is completely satisfactory."

LATER in the afternoon I ran into another friend. She told me how hot she felt—she certainly looked it; her make-up was letting her down badly. If make-up is to look well in the hot weather it must be done with skill. I discussed this with an expert in one of the beauty salons. Here are some tips.

Always keep your creams and lotions in a cool place when the temperature is high, so that when you come to use them, they are not warm and oily.

Have some ice cubes from the 'fridge ready in a basin, and place on them a bottle of tonic or astringent, and several pads of cotton-wool which have been wrung out in cold water, while you are cleansing your face. Use a liquid cleanser on hot days for this purpose, because this leaves the face feeling fresh and non-sticky. It can be used alone, or in addition to a wash with soap and water, according to which you prefer.

When the cleansing is finished, take one of the pads of cotton-wool from off the ice, and soak it with the cold tonic. (If your skin is oily, use astringent lotion instead.) Pat gently all over the face, then take a second pad soaked in the same way, and wipe all round the eyes, and the little creases at the sides of the nose and in the chin, so that there is no trace of grease.

UNLESS your skin is extra dry, use a liquid foundation (this stands up to heat better than cream), and apply it sparingly. Too much tends to come through the make-up, and does more harm than good. Put it on quickly to avoid streaking, work it well in with the tips of the fingers to get a nice even surface, then blot with a paper tissue. Put the powder on fairly liberally, and dust off the surplus with cotton-wool.

Too much colour on a hot day can be toned down with a green powder. If more colour should be needed, put on a little dry rouge with a dust of powder on top of it.

Choose one of the long-lasting lipsticks, and after the first application, powder the lips very lightly, then apply a second coating and blot with a paper tissue. If you use eye shadow, apply it *before* powdering, and for the final touch, brush the lashes with a *waterproof* mascara.

This make-up may seem to be a little more elaborate than usual, but for long lasting purposes during the hot weather, it is well worth the extra trouble.

—Jean Cleland



Miss Ruth Mary Charlotte Bannerman, twin daughter of Lt.-Col. Sir Donald and Lady Bannerman, of Moredun Crescent, Edinburgh, is engaged to Sub.-Lt. Edward Lawless Forward, Royal Navy, son of the late Mr. E. A. P. Forward and Mrs. Forward, of Queens Road, Kingston-on-Thames

Yevonde

THEY ARE ENGAGED

Miss Fanny Butler, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. A. Butler, of Shortgrove, Newport, Essex, is to marry Major Regor MacGregor, Younger, of MacGregor, Scots Guards, only son of Capt. Sir Malcolm and Hon. Lady MacGregor of MacGregor, of Edinchip, Abernethy, Perthshire



Pearl Freeman



Miss Sally Judith de Pass, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Alan de Pass, of Miles's Green House, Bucklebury, Berkshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. Barry Wedlock Pride, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Pride, of Mulberry Walk, Chelsea, London, S.W.3

Miss Rosemary Margaret Dangar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. O. Dangar, of Gurrup Point, Dittisham, Devon, is to marry Mr. Jeremy Mark T'Anson Barkworth, 16th/5th Queen's Royal Lancers, younger son of the late Major J. S. Barkworth and of Mrs. Barkworth, of Cherry Tree Cottage, Curry Rivel, Somerset



Pearl Freeman



Yevonde

Miss Margaret Elizabeth Annesley, daughter of Mr. Gerald Annesley, of Castlewella, Co. Down, Northern Ireland, and of Lady Elizabeth Gilchrist, of Durlay Mill, Hampshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. Douglas Farquhar Ogilvie, the eldest son of Major and Mrs. Douglas Ogilvie, of Pitmuies, Angus, Scotland



Lenore

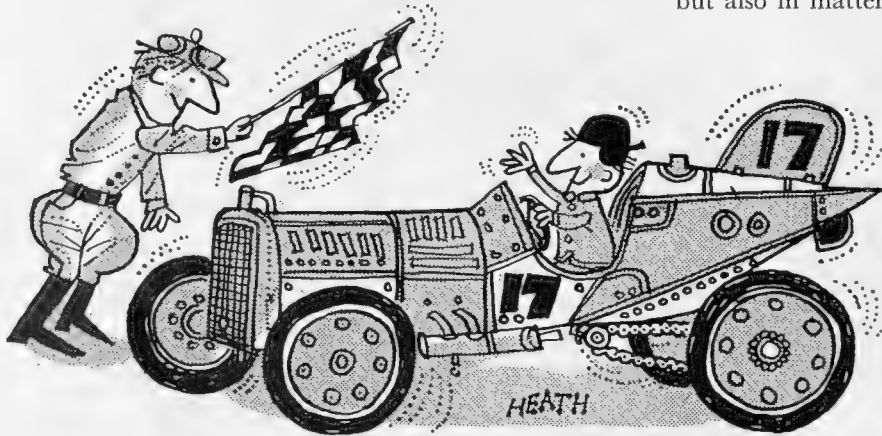
Miss Alison Margaret Bradford, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Bradford, of Merrow Farm, Dunsfold, Surrey, has recently announced her engagement to the Hon. Martin Michael Dominick Browne, younger son of Lord Oranmore and Browne, and of the Hon. Mrs. Hew Dalrymple, of Windy Knowe, Ballantrae, Ayrshire

Motoring

RESEARCH ON STABILITY



"BRITISH RACING GREEN 1946-1956," by Louis Klemantaski and Michael Frostick (Bodley Head, 15s.) is a comprehensive survey of British racing cars and drivers since the war. Above: an "R" type M.G. on the line at Cockfosters' first postwar meeting



THE M.G. RECORD CAR with which Stirling Moss is to attack world speed records in the 1,500-c.c. class contains an interesting instrument layout comprising a revolution indicator, flanked by a water temperature gauge and a supercharger boost gauge, all by Smiths



STRONG cross winds can affect the stability and control of motor cars to a marked extent. In some cars weird steering changes seem to occur when a powerful side gust strikes. These facts are, of course, well known to designers and a good deal of theoretical work has been done on the subject. The theoretical approach, however, has its limitations and there has long been a demand for a full scale, empirical investigation.

That is just what has been in progress in one of the largest wind tunnels in the country, the twenty-four-foot tunnel at Farnborough. This will accommodate the largest cars and, in it, the whole range of possible conditions can be studied. The tunnel has been in use by the Motor Industry Research Association and the findings will be made available to the motor industry.

What is known already is that variations in wind strength affect the stability and control of a car less than variations in wind direction and that (this is really to be expected) the high, slab sided vehicle is more likely to get out of hand than the low, streamlined one. Even so, streamlining has its drawbacks. It is effective in the reduction of drag through only a small angle, so that its beneficial effects disappear in a strong side wind.

It is satisfactory to see the motor industry making good use of aviation industry equipment. It has always been my contention that motoring and aviation should work more closely together, not only in technical matters, but also in matters of policy and of propaganda.

Everybody will applaud the decision of the British Automobile Racing Club to award its Gold Medal to the Ecurie Ecosse in commemoration of its performance at Le Mans in two consecutive years, 1956 and 1957. It is difficult to know which was the finer achievement, to enter one car and finish first, as in 1956, or two and finish first and second, as in 1957.

THIS Gold Medal is awarded for out-standing achievements by British people in motor racing. In 1955 it was given to Stirling Moss for his Mille Miglia victory and for being the first British driver to win the British Grand Prix. This time no individual is mentioned as the recipient, for the medal is intended to honour equally David Murray, "Wilkie" Wilkinson and the drivers, Ron Flockhart, Ninian Sanderson, Ivor Bueb and John Lawrence.

I continue to get letters from readers about my comments on driving along country lanes. Writing from a London address one correspondent argues that the driving conditions in country lanes are "psychologically similar," as he says, to those in towns and on main roads in the very early hours of the morning. His contention, which I feel to be interesting, is that the "traffic imagination" (again his words) is lulled in country lanes and equally on main roads in the early hours when there seems to be almost nothing moving. This state is the natural response to the seeming emptiness of the roads.

Thus at five or six in the morning a driver will hurtle past an intersection where, three hours later, he would slow and prepare to stop. He sees nothing on the road before him and his imagination fails to remind him that there might be round the corner another driver who has also got up early and who believes that the way is clear.

It is certainly true that careless driving in country lanes is largely the outcome of this odd belief that, when nothing is in view, there is nothing round the corner. May I now thank my various correspondents for putting forward many useful and one or two important suggestions on this subject. Perhaps at some future date I shall return to it; but for some weeks other matters must have a prior claim to space.

COGENT arguments against the proposed night parking restrictions in London have been put forward in letters to the daily press. The entertainment world will be adversely affected if parking in the evening is banned, because large numbers who go to the theatre drive into London and leave the car parked during the show and while they are having a meal in a restaurant.

Nor is there a valid reason for banning parking in the evening because there is not, at that time, the kind of congestion that hampers traffic flow. A great many people will be seriously hit if the Minister of Transport persists in his scheme. Day parking restrictions have a slight rational basis, but night parking restrictions have none.

—*Oliver Stewart*

Bourne-May—Peake-Cottam. Mr. Geoffrey Fitzgerald Bourne-May, son of Major and Mrs. J. B. S. Bourne-May, of Hackinsall Hall, Fleetwood, and The Hermitage, Windsor, married Miss June Josephine Peake-Cottam, younger daughter of Col. H. Peake-Cottam, of Hove, and Mrs. B. Peake-Cottam, of Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7, at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, London, S.W.1



Boulton—Belchem. Mr. Jeremy Boulton, younger son of Mr. J. G. Boulton, of Kamloops, B.C., Canada, and Mrs. A. J. H. Benn, of The Moat House, Langley, Bucks, married Miss Judy Belchem, daughter of Mrs. N. Belchem, of Castle Court, Cardiff, and the late S/Ldr. L. G. Belchem, at St. John's Church, Cardiff, South Wales



Charles C. Fennell

Grogan—Kettle. Mr. John Brian Grogan, son of Major and Mrs. J. Grogan, of Slaney Park, Baltinglass, Co. Wicklow, was recently married to Miss Susan Kettle, younger daughter of the late Col. Louis Kettle and Mrs. Kettle, of Farmleigh, Ferns, Co. Wexford, at the Cathedral Church of Saint Eden, Ferns, Co. Wexford, Ireland

RECENTLY MARRIED

Meade—Gathorne-Hardy. Mr. Simon R. J. Meade, only son of Mr. C. F. and Lady Aileen Meade, of Pen-y-lan, Meifod, Montgomeryshire, married Lady Sophia Gathorne-Hardy, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Cranbrook, of Great Glenham House, Saxmundham, Suffolk, at All Saints', Great Glenham



Pilcher—Cattell. Capt. Roger Anthony Pilcher, The Buffs, son of Mr. W. Pilcher, and stepson of Mrs. W. Pilcher, of Folkestone, Kent, was recently married to Miss Jennifer Ann Cattell, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Cattell, of Queen's Gate, S.W.7, at St. Paul's Cathedral, Valetta, Malta

Lingeman—Connor. Mr. Peter James Lingeman, only son of Mr. Eric R. Lingeman, C.B.E., late of H.M. Foreign Service, and the late Mrs. Lingeman, married Miss Kathleen Mary Connor, elder daughter of the late Mr. F. G. Connor and Mrs. Connor, of Oatlands Drive, Weybridge, at St. Erconwald's Church, Walton-on-Thames Surrey



Anthea Sieveking

DINING OUT

Just as the sun was rising

IT is not very often in one's life that one drinks a bottle of Cordon Rouge 1949 at 6.35 a.m. because even if you had been playing it fairly hard at a night club, by that time you would either have departed or reached the egg and bacon and coffee stage.

Smithfield Market is different. People live topsy-turvy hours according to most of us, so it was with interest and excitement that I arrived there at 5.45 one morning to see "what goes on."

By appointment I met R. J. Miell, an expert buyer of meat for many years for a mammoth organization, who took me through a forest of carcasses to meet "Bill" Merrick (everybody is called by his Christian name) who has been one of the top salesmen on the market for many years.

The next objective was to find Frank Godfrey, who has the reputation for buying only the finest meat available; as he supplies the Mirabelle and other such elegant establishments, this reputation seems to be well founded. It was he who sent over from England the barons of beef, saddles of lamb, etc., to Maxim's in Paris, during the week the chefs from the Mirabelle were cooking there to show the Parisians just what we can do.

DURING a sort of Grand Tour to find Mr. Godfrey we met Mr. Albert Barnes of A. S. Juniper Ltd., who seem to specialize in the un-ordinary; there was venison for sale in the form of a stag from the Duke of Bedford's estate. They also purchase the venison from the Royal Parks when they are thinning out the herds. I was informed that the demand for venison greatly exceeds the supply. On occasions they also supply wild swans and peacocks and eggs of every sort and kind, such as penguins' eggs, plovers' eggs (for a fourteen-day season only), gulls' and goose eggs and so on.

As a souvenir of the expedition Mr. Miell presented me with a Grade A "Miller" duck, a magnificent looking bird packed in Cellophane. It appears that this has been especially bred for increasing the meat on the breast, of which there is very little on the normal duck, and is a cross between Aylesbury and Chinese. (We cooked it at home that evening and it was rich, succulent and delicious.)

Having discovered Mr. Godfrey we went off to the Fox and Anchor which opens at six-thirty. "Wine or milk?" I was asked. The idea of a glass of Vin Rouge which might have been opened the day before was not what I wanted at 6.30 a.m. so I plumped for milk and got a goblet of it—the difference from normal being that it had a large Scotch inside. The others went for wine and to my pleased astonishment it proved to be as I have said, a bottle of 1949 Cordon Rouge, straight out of the ice bucket.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

*Fine herb of
the sea*

A VISIT to King's Lynn in Norfolk, a week ago, coincided with the harvesting of samphire which, I am told, will continue for several weeks. It is a beautifully green sea plant which, on the Wash, grows on the mud flats before they reach the salt marshes. But it is also to be found on steep cliffs, Shakespeare in *King Lear*, referred to this—

How fearful . . . half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!

Just over three hundred years ago, Nicholas Culpeper said of samphire: "It was in former times wont to be used more than now it is, the more is the pity." It seems, however, to be going strong enough around the Norfolk and Lincolnshire coasts. In King's Lynn I saw it on sale on fish stalls in the market and at fishmongers' shops in the town.

Since my return, I have had a box of samphire sent to me and now, for the first time, I have eaten this most succulent herb—both raw and cooked. I enjoyed it each way.

Cooked, it is eaten much like asparagus, but with a difference. Instead of biting off the tips of the sprigs, one places the sprigs between the teeth and pulls them out so that the green matter is left behind and the stalks are discarded. They resemble the skeletons of trees. This is a little messy, perhaps, but it is the only way in which cooked samphire can be eaten.

Although the following recipe, given to me by Mr. George Penson, chef at the Globe Hotel in King's Lynn, calls for Beurre Noir or Sauce Hollandaise, I ate the samphire with plain melted butter.

ALLOW eight sprigs per portion. Trim off the roots to uniform length, then tie them in bundles of eight. Cook in fast boiling water (unsalted) for 15 minutes (or until the green matter can be stripped from the stalks, as above). Meanwhile, prepare individual toast beds, one per person, and Beurre Noir. When ready, untie each bundle, place on a toast bed, cover with a napkin and serve with Beurre Noir (in silver cups or sauce boats, so that the samphire can be dipped into it.) Serve with toast Melba and finger bowls!

Cooked samphire can also be served with vinegar (though I do not recommend this), but it is in salads and pickles that, I believe, it is most used. "At one time," says the *Encyclopaedia of Practical Cookery*, "pickled samphire was so highly esteemed that other succulent marine herbs, worthless for pickling, were substituted for it under the name of Marsh Samphire or Samphire itself, and amongst these a plant called *Salicornia herbacea* frequently found a place."

This use of samphire is borne out by my dictionary, which, in reference to the herb, says "the aromatic leaves are pickled as a condiment."

In his book on Home Pickling, my old friend, Henry Sarson, gives the following recipe:

Lay the samphire in pieces about two inches long in a deep dish, sprinkle with dry salt and stand for twenty-four hours.

Drain, then cook slowly till tender in vinegar which just covers it, but be careful not to let it get soft. Pack into jars, pour the vinegar over and tie down. Unspiced vinegar can be used, as the samphire has a distinct peppery flavour which spices only spoil.

—Helen Burke



Ivon de Wynter

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